

The first part of the contention of the two famous

And take my leaue to poste with speede to France.

exit Somerset.

King Come vnckle Gloster, now lets haue our horse,
For we will to Saint Albones presently,
Madame, your hawke, they say, is swift of flight,
And we will trie, how she will flie to day. *exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Elnor, with sir Iohn Ham, Roger Bullenbrooke a Coniurer,
and Margery Iourdaine a Witch.*

Elnor. Here sir Iohn, take this scrole of paper here,
Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,
And I will stand vpon this Tower here,
And heare the spirit what it saies to you,
And to my questions, write the answers downe.

She goes vp to the Tower.

sir Iohn. Now sirs begin and cast your spels about,
And charme the fiends for to obey your wills,
And tell Dame Elnor of the thing she asks.

Witch. Then Roger Bullinbrooke, about thy taske,
And frame a circle here vpon the earth,
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,
Do talke and whisper with the diuells below,
And coniure them for to obey my will.

She lies downe vpon her face.

Bullenbrooke makes a circle.

Bullen Darke night, dread night, the silence of the night,
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,
Send vp I charge you from Sofetus lake,
The spirit Askalon to come to me,
To pierce the bowells of this centricke earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eie,
Askalon, Ascenda, Ascenda.

*It thunders and lightens, and then the spirit
riseth vp.*

spirit. Now Bullenbrooke, what wouldst thou haue me do?

Bullen. First, of the King, what shall become of him?

spirit.

now, of Torke and Lancaster.

spirit. The Duke yet liues that Henry shall depose
Yet him out liue, and die a violent death.

Bullen. What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?

spirit. By water he shall die, and take his end.

Bullen. What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

spirit. Let him shun castles, safer shal he be vpon the
plaines, where castles mounted stand.

Now question me no more, for I must hence againe.

He sinkes downe againe.

Bullen. Then downe I say, vnto the damned poole,
Where Pluto in his fire waggon sits,
Riding amidst the singde and parched smoakes,
The Rode of Dyas by the riuer Styx,
There howle and burne for euer in those flames,
Rise Iordane, rise, and stay thy charming spells:
Sonnes, we are betraide.

*Enter the Duke of Torke, and the duke of Buckingham
and others.*

Torke Come sirs, lay hands on them, and bind them
This time was well watcht: what Madame, are you the
This will be great credit for your husband,
That you are plotting treasons thus with Coniurers,
The King shall haue a notice of this thing.

exit Elnor aboue.

Buck. See here my Lord what the diuell hath writ.

Torke Giue it me my Lord, ile shew it to the King:
Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison.

exit with the

Buck. My Lord, I pray you let me go poste vnto the
Vnto Saint Albones, to tell this newes.

Torke Content, away then, about it straight.

Buck. Farewell my Lord.

exit Buckingham

Torke Who's within there?

Enter o

One. My Lord.

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